



The Weird, Bodyless Orchestra Musicians of the Future.

IS
THIS
WHAT
WE'RE
COMING
TO?



Some Thirsty Old Broadway Sports of the Year 2911

COMING
TO?



A Dream of Rapid Transit in the Years to Come.



What the Fisherman Will Come to at Last.

Why You Shouldn't Love Your Husband Too Much

MANY an ecstatic young bride will be shocked—and perhaps will cry a little at first—to learn on high psychological authority that she must put a curb on her heart and not love her adorable husband too much.

Nevertheless, the psychologists have settled it, and if she values her future happiness in the married state, she will have to learn the lesson of reserve and wholesome coolness toward the masculine being who absorbs her so utterly. But the expert arguments in the case appear convincing, and also may afford some crumbs of comfort.

The first principle stated is that happy marriages are those in which the husband loves his wife just a little more than she loves him. Man is a curious being, not half so civilized socially as a woman. He is happy when he has found something to love—to make love is instinctive with him—but to be loved strongly in return he cannot fully understand. It is apt to bore him.

Woman, on the other hand, has a subtle appreciation of the fact of being loved. She accepts it as a natural right. Her home, her children, and her husband's love—these are the three essentials for her happiness.

With this argument in mind it will be seen that it is necessary that the husband should have a far stronger affection for his wife than she should have for him.

Let us take a typical case. Mr. A is an average, common sense man. He is devoted to his business.

He falls deeply in love with a girl whom he eventually marries. Mrs. A is the kind of woman one meets everywhere. She is kind, affectionate and domesticated; frankly, she

marries Mr. A for the sake of a home, and not for love.

They live together and are quite happy. Mrs. A receives her husband's fond attentions as a right. She does not in return pamper him as though she was his slave. There is self-respect on both sides.

Now, supposing this Mrs. A was the kind of woman—and unfortunately they also are common—who make the fatal mistake of over-loving their husbands. What would have been the ultimate effect on their mutual happiness?

Mr. A would certainly have misunderstood his wife's attentions. In time he would think more and more about his business and less about his home. There would be misunderstandings and unhappiness on both sides.

It must be remembered that (to adapt Byron's lines), "Man's marriage is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence."

The deep-rooted idea of having somebody to protect and look after her is often the chief inducement to matrimony.

All this goes to show that it is not necessary for a woman to love deeply in order to effect a happy marriage. But it is most necessary that the man's affection should be real and strong.

Many marriages turn out unhappily because the wife thinks love for her husband must be shown by constant attention and fussing. Now there is nothing a man hates so much as being fussed over.

Make a point of judiciously neglecting your husband—not too much, of course—just often enough to keep up the interest.

And if you love him to distraction never tell him see it, and, above all, never tell him so.

An English Artist's Very Odd Conceptions of the Ultimate Stages of the Fisherman, the Broadway Sport, the Cafe Leader and the Money Chasing American.

A VERY original English artist, G. E. Studdy, has been taking a look at America and has made a few sketches showing his idea of what we shall become by evolution.

Mr. Studdy gazed at the musicians in theatres and cafes, and saw that they were all small, baldheaded, whiskered, and worked with tireless hands. So he figured

that in time they would be all head, hands and whiskers, with no body, but just a little tube for carrying nourishment to the brains.

Then he strolled along Broadway in the evening and saw in numberless cafes gentlemen whose only occupation was consuming liquid.

"If these men continue at this occupation," he said, "they will tend to become

just huge sponges for soaking up liquor. Why bother with brains, heads, legs and arms when your only interest is soaking up liquor? Just be a sponge and nothing more."

Then he drew the men of New York riding on the Subway in pursuit of the dollar, and as a contrast the patient angler changed into a bait for fish, a very highly evolved and "specialized" kind of worm.

man, the Broadway Sport, the Cafe Leader and the Money Chasing American.

Why "Haunted" Mummies Nod Their Heads and "Prophecy"

Alarming Behavior of Ancient Egyptian Priests and Priestesses, Dead for Thousands of Years, Who Sigh, Groan, Move Their Heads and Raise Their Withered Arms.

By Janet Bruce.

MUMMIES that rise at the bidding from the sleep of centuries to tell your fortune when your fate hangs in the balance—mummies that groan and gurgle and fight for breath—mummies that in the witching hours frantically beat with their swathed hands to rattle themselves loose from their bondage, are the sensational mystery of the moment in London. It is a mystery which equally interests Spiritualists, Egyptologists and believers in the occult.

The lure of these mummies is so strong that people are drawn again and again to look upon and confer with them regarding the veiled mysteries of the future. All you have to do is to get in one of the penny buses running to the Bloomsbury district and make your way with speed to the British Museum, for it is within these historic walls that this weird collection of mummies is congregated.

The museum authorities are greatly troubled by Spiritualists and students of the occult for permission to spend the night in the mummy room on the second floor. Especial interest is shown in the most gorgeous mummy in the collection—that of a wonderfully beautiful priestess of the Temple of Amen-Ra.

It is related that a certain man, having managed to elude the vigilance of the museum attendants, kept himself securely hidden in the building for the night. A firm believer in the theory that ghostly revels are at their height as the stroke of the clock chimes the midnight hour, he tiptoed his way to the mummy room on the second floor.

Almost crawling on his hands and knees lest some attendant should hear and eject him, he reached the middle of the room and paused to rest. As he did so the chimes of a nearby belfry rang the last stroke of twelve. On the instant, from every side there arose a din of ghostly knockings, accompanied by excruciatingly painful inhalations and exhalations of breath, awful gaspings and deep chested breathings. He fainted away and lay for some time without consciousness, only to swoon again as he realized his predicament.

Several scientists have suggested in explanation of the sighs, groans and gaspings coming from the glass cases in which the mummies are kept, that the air extracted from the interiors by the atmospheric conditions of the day are sucked in again at night. This fact, the scientists assert, will account for all the blood-curdling struggles for breath now accredited to the mummies.

Moreover, one of the scientists has cited an instance even more terrifying than any of these in the

British Museum—one which was witnessed by a score or more of reputable onlookers. During one of the mummy hunts at Der-el-bahari in Egypt fifteen years ago, an especially perfect mummy was discovered deep within a marble tomb by Professor Maspero. He ordered it to be carefully laid upon the ground beside the excavation, as he saw that a number of others were in the same tomb. The work occupied some time and the sun beat hotly upon the mummy. The workmen stopping at noon for luncheon were horrified to behold the withered arm of the mummy slowly rise from the swathed side and point its long, fleshless fingers at them. For one long moment the arm remained raised, then fell again as the native workmen, rending the air with their shrieks, scattered in all directions.

The scientists in charge of this expedition having witnessed this singular phenomenon, ordered that the mummy should not be touched until their investigations provided some satisfactory explanation of the uncanny proceeding. For three days the mummy lay there, and for three days, as the noon hour marked the greatest heat of the sun, the mummy lifted its skinny hand from its side and pointed menacingly in the same direction. Then the scientists were ready with their explanation, which, after all, if you only believe it, is quite simple. The movement of the arm, they declared, was due to the contraction of the muscles on exposure to the sun.

The explanation has not discouraged those who attribute occult powers to the mummies in London. The Priestess Katebet, who was swathed for burial in myrrh and sweet scented spices over two thousand seven hundred years ago, has today, her London devotees proclaim, achieved the cycle of her reincarnation and is once more in actual habitation of her body.

As you enter the mummy room you must steadily ignore all extraneous matters and make your way in absolute silence to the glass case P, on the top shelf of which lies the mummy of deepest mystery—the mummy which London now claims holds in the hollow of her sculptured hands the solution of your fate.

Firmly placing your ungloved right hand upon the glass at the nearest possible point of contact with the golden face, you must, at the instant of actual contact with the glass, by a supreme effort of the will project your subconscious mind into communion with the mind of Katebet. Then, concentrating your gaze directly upon her face, with every thought intent on the silent propounding of that mighty question on the solution of which your fate hangs in the balance, you must await the psychic moment of reply.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes will elapse—sometimes longer—before you may hope for the sign from



The Priestess of Amen-Ra in the British Museum Who Sometimes Nods Her Head When Questioned by Those Who Wish to Peer Into the Future.

"Professor Maspero and His Workers in the Desert Were Amazed to See the Long-Dead Priest Raise His Hand Warningly."

Katebet. Then very slowly, but with such an astounding certainty as to make your flesh creep and your hair stand on end at the gruesome phenomenon, you will behold the golden head will raise itself several inches from the glass shelf and nod—yes, actually nod at you. That is if the desired answer is in the affirmative. If Katebet's answer is in the negative there will be no motion whatsoever, stand with your hand glued to the case as long as you may.

Of course, as in every other controversy, there are quite as many scoffers as, as believers in, Katebet and her twentieth century survival of her ancient powers of divination. The scoffers will proclaim to you with sneering laughter that while no one with eyes in his head can truthfully deny that Katebet's golden painted face does actually raise itself from the glass shelf, it is the mesmerism of your hand that has accomplished this marvelous feat. And that in the identical proportion that a highly sensitized paper will at once curl itself into a little ball and after violent rocking, roll off your hand, just so it will be with the head raising of Katebet, the Priestess of Amen-Ra.

If you chance to be of the coldly phlegmatic type, you might stand with your hand upon the case of Katebet until your hair turned gray and nothing whatsoever would result. Katebet would look at you with her painted golden smile. But she would not move her head upwards to nod an affirmative to your wishes if you offered her the wealth of the Indies in payment thereof. In other words, it is your animal magnetism—your emotional temperamentality—that is responsible for the entire success or failure of your experiment with Katebet.

Doubtless an out-and-out scientist will tell you that the movement of Katebet's golden face is governed by the dynamo in the basement, a powerful one which supplies the building with light and heat; and that the movement of people in the room is at times sufficient to cause a vibratory motion within the mummy case. The museum attendants, exceptionally well constructed answers readily throughout to all vibratory motions and, therefore, Katebet's movements are entirely natural and to be expected.

Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Which ever way you prefer it, when you are in London this season and your fate hangs in the balance, do not fail to consult Katebet. It will only cost you the penny bus fare. It will do you no harm even if it should do you no good. And you'll find it vastly entertaining whichever way it results.

